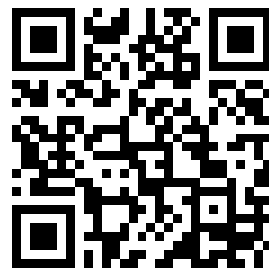

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

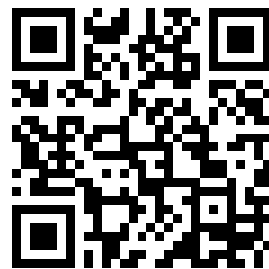
<https://books.google.com>



This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>



27



Cheuelere Assigne.

27.



TO THE
PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS
OF
THE ROXBURGHE CLUB,
THIS ROMANCE
OF
Cheuelere Assigne,

(NOW FIRST PRINTED)

IS DEDICATED AND PRESENTED

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

EDW. V. UTTERSON.

JUNE 17, 1820.

EARL SPENCER, PRESIDENT.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

EARL GOWER.

VISCOUNT MORPETH.

VISCOUNT ALTHORP.

SIR MARK MASTERMAN SYKES, BART.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

WILLIAM BENTHAM, ESQ.

WILLIAM BOLLAND, ESQ.

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

ALEXANDER BOSWELL, ESQ.

REV. WILLIAM HOLWELL CARR.

JOHN DENT, ESQ.

REV. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, F. P.

REV. HENRY DRURY.

FRANCIS FREELING, ESQ.

HENRY FREELING, ESQ.

JOSEPH HASLEWOOD, ESQ.

RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

GEORGE HIBBERT, ESQ.

GEORGE ISTED, ESQ.

ROBERT LANG, ESQ.

JOSEPH LITTLEDALE, ESQ.

EDWARD LITTLEDALE, ESQ.

JAMES HEYWOOD MARKLAND, ESQ.

JOHN DELAFIELD PHELPS, ESQ.

THOMAS PONTON, ESQ.

PEREGRINE TOWNLEY, ESQ.

EDWARD VERNON UTTERSON, ESQ.

ROGER WILBRAHAM, ESQ.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the Cotton MSS. in that magazine of literary treasures, the British Museum, is to be found the curious little Poem, now, for the first time, committed to the Press; it is contained in a small, but thick, folio volume of paper, numbered in the Catalogue, Caligula. A. 2., comprising several other interesting specimens of early English Poetry. Although there may be some difference in the respective periods, when these Poems were transcribed, we may, without hesitation, give a date to "*Chevalier Assigne*," at least as early as the reign of Henry Sixth, and perhaps, in attributing it to a still more remote æra, we might be nearer to the truth. It is, professedly, a translation from a French original, and, fortunately in this instance, the same Library is furnished with a beautiful MS. of the more ancient French poetical Romance, which forms a portion of a very splendid folio volume in the Royal Collection of MSS., marked 15. E. 6. According to Montfaucon, there is also another copy in MS. of the same Poem, in the Royal Library at Paris. This English translation, or, speaking more correctly, imitation, is little more than a meagre epitome of a portion of the French original, which continues the story of the Knight of the Swan and his descendants, through a strange tissue of romance and historical truth, down to the capture of Jerusalem, in the eleventh century, by the Christians under the guidance of Godfrey of Bouillon. It is singular enough that the translator should give the French title of "*Chevalier Assigne*," (or *au Cygne*,) to a work altogether English. A more complete version of the ancient Romance is to be found in a prose volume printed by Copland, and of which the only copy known to exist, is among the collection of old plays bequeathed to the British Museum, by Mr. Garrick, and

marked K. Vol. 10. Herbert speaks of an edition printed by W. de Worde, in 1512. These appear to have been translated from the French prose story, of which I have a copy in folio, printed at Paris in 1504, and which is entitled "**La genealogie avecques les gestes & nobles faitz d'armes du trespreux et renommé prince Godeffroy de Bouillon et de ses chevalereux freres Baudouin et Eustace yssus & descendus de la tres noble & illustre lignee du vertueux chevalier au cygne,**" &c.

My friend Mr. F. Cohen, whose communications are always entitled to attention, conceives that the most *ancient* form in which the story exists, is in the 'Chronicle of Tongres' by the 'Maitre de Guise,' much of which was afterwards incorporated into the 'Mer des Hystoires.' There is also an Icelandic Saga of Helis, the Knight of the Swan, who is there represented as a son of Julius Cæsar; and a similar legend is introduced into the German Romance of Lohengrin, of which an edition so late as 1813, was printed at Heidelberg. From these concurrent sources it seems probable, that the original fable was fabricated in Belgium, or at least on the borders of the Rhine; and as further evidence of such a supposition, the same valuable authority informs me that there is at the present day, a chap-book in Flanders of frequent occurrence, entitled "**de Ridder met de Zwaan.**"

The little Poem here given, has been noticed both by Dr. Percy and Mr. T. Warton amongst the early specimens of alliterative versification: a style which obtained numerous partisans at a remote period of our poetical History, and of which the fashion retained some admirers even so low as the sixteenth century, although perhaps no poem, thus constructed, obtained such general celebrity as *Pierce Plowman's Vision*. There is however a peculiarity in the present tale not usually found in *ancient* poems of this description; which is, that notwithstanding the measure is uniformly alliterative, and although it contains much Saxon idiom and character, yet it is occasionally accompanied with rhyme; the

Poet thus mingling, what he might consider an agreeable variation, with the more popular, but stricter rules of alliteration deduced from the Anglo-Saxon Bards. Dr. Percy, although he has noticed the Poem, has not adverted to this singularity, but seems to think that rhyme was not introduced into alliterative verse until a much later period, and when the public taste required some such addition to recommend the uncouth measure of the ancient Poets.


In the limited publication of this little Romance, it has been my first endeavour to give a faithful imitation of the original ; for which reason the orthography, I hope always, and abbreviations generally, have been preserved. In the parent MS. the transcriber has commonly employed a letter formed like a Z, but imitative of, and corresponding in power with the Anglo-Saxon *Ʒ* : this has been in the present impression converted into a Z, and when used in the beginning of a word, has the effect of *y* : but when employed in the middle, has generally the power of *gh*. The Anglo-Saxon *þ* is continually used also as an abbreviation for *th* ; but uniformly in its more degenerate and modern form of *y*.

I have endeavoured to give an interpretation of several unusual words which occur, but which I fear will be considered very imperfect ; in fact it has been suggested to me by an intelligent friend, that our early alliterative Poets not unfrequently coined words to suit their measure ; an opinion which derives weight from the difficulty to which the alliterative verse must have subjected them, of meeting with phrases to suit their purpose ; at all events there can be no doubt that many new-fangled and unmeaning words were introduced by the ignorance or carelessness of transcribers.

I have ventured to use punctuation, instead of introducing the point, which divides each line into a distich, a division in truth sufficiently marked to the ear by the sound.

E. V. U.

Cheuelere Assigne.

-  **Al** welwynge god, whenne it is his wylle,
Whele he wereth his werke wth his owne honde:
For ofte harmes were hente y^t helpe we ne myghte,
Here the hymnes of hym y^t lengeth in heuene.
For this I saye by a lorde was leute in an ple
That was called Lpor, a londe by hym selte;
This kyng heite Orpens, as y^t booke telleth,
And his qweue Bewtrys y^t dryt was & shene:
His moder hyte Matabryne, y^t made moche sorow,
10 For she sette her assye in Sathanas of helle;
• This was chefe of y^t kynde of cheualere assygne.
And whenne y^{er} sholde in to a place, it seyth full well where
Sythen after his lykynge dwellede he y^{er},
With his owne qweue y^t he loue myghte:
But all in lango^t he laye for lofe of here one,
That he hadde no chylde to cheuene his londis,
But to be lordes of his whene he y^t lpt laste,
And y^t honged in his herte—I herte ye for sothe,

A. i.

Cheuelere Assigne.

- As p^{er} wente by on a walle pleyng hem one
20 Bothe p^{er} kynge & p^{er} qweene hem selden to gedere:
The kynge loket a downe, & by helde vnder
And seyþ a pore wōman at the gate sytte
With two chyliden her by fore, were borne at a byrthe;
And he tñed hym yēne, & teres lette he falle;
Synthen spokede he on hye & to p^{er} qweene sayde
Se þe p^{er} ȝonder pore woman, how p^{er} she is pyned
With twynlenges two, & p^{er} dare I my hedde wedde.
The qweene nykked hym w^{ith} nay, & seyde it is not to lene
Oon māne for oon chylde, & two wōmen for tweyne;
30 Or ellis hit were vnsenlyþe thyng as me wolde thinke,
But eche chylde hadde a fader, how manye so ther were.
The kynge rebukede here for her worthes ryte there:
And whenne it drowȝ towarde p^{er} nyte they wēten to bedde;
He gotte on here p^{er} same nyte resonabully manye.
The kynge was wittȝ whenne he wysste her w^{ith} chylde,
And thankeþe lowely our lorde of his loue & his sonde.
But whenne it drowȝ to p^{er} tyme she shulde be delpyered,
Ther moste ne wōman come her nere but she p^{er} was cursed
His moder Alatabryne, p^{er} caused moche sorowe,
40 For she thowȝte to do p^{er} byrthe to a fowle ende.
Whenne god wolde p^{er} were borne yēlle drowȝte she to honde
Seȝ semely sonnes & a dowȝter p^{er} sebeth,

Cheuelere Assigne.

- All safe & all sounde, & a seluer cheyne
Eche on of hem hadde abowte his swete swyre:
And she lette hem out & leyde hem in a cowche,
And y^{er} she sente aft^r a man y^e Markus was called,
That hadde serued her seluen skpytfully longe:
He was trewe of his teryth & loth for to tryfall,
She knewe hym for swyth, & trusted hym y^e better;
50 And seyde, y^e moste kepe counsell & helpe what y^e may;
The fyrste grynne wat^r y^e y^e to comeste,
Hooke y^e caste hem ther yn & lete hym forth slpype:
Sythen seche to y^e courte as y^e nowte hadde sene,
And y^e shalt lyke full wele yf y^e may lyte aft^r.
Whenne he herde y^e tale hym rewede y^e tyme,
But he durste not werne what y^e qweene wolde.
The kynge lay in langour sum gladdenes to here,
But y^e fyrste tale y^e he herde were tydnyges febull,
Whenne his moder Matadryne drowte hym tydnyge.
60 At a chamber dore as she forth sowte
Seuene whelpes she sawe sowknyge y^e dāne,
And she cawte out a knyfe & kyled y^e byche:
She caste her pene in a pytte & taketh y^e welpes,
And sythen come byfore y^e kynge & by on hye she seyde;
Sone, paye ye wth y^e qweene, & se et her derthe;
Thenne syketh y^e kynge, & grynnyth to morne,

Cheuelere Assigne.

- And wente wele it were sothe all þat she seyde.
Thenne she seyde lette brene her anone, for þat is þat beste.
Dame, she is my wedded wyfe, full trewe as I wene,
70 As I haue holde her er þat, our lord so me helpe!
A, howarde of kynde, q^d she, & comdred wreche!
Wolt þat werne wrake to hem þat hit deserveth?
Dame, þane take here þysself, & sette her wher þe lyketh,
So þat I se hit noȝte; what may I seye elles?
Thenne she wente her forth þat god shall confounde,
To þat debull þat she laye, & telly she bygheth,
And seyde, a ryse wreached quene & reste þe her no longer;
Thow hast byggleth my sone, it shall þe werke sorowe:
Bothe howndes & men haue hadde þe a wyllle;
80 Thow shalt to prison tyste & be brente aft^r.
Thenne shrykede þe yonge quene, & by on þys cryeth:
A lady! she seyde, where ar my lele chylderen?
Whenne she myssede hem þat grete mone she made.
By þat come tyll þe tyrantes tweyne,
And by þat byddynge of matabryne a non þat her hente,
And in a dym prysoun þat slongen here deepe,
And leyde a lokke on þe dore, & leuen here þere;
Flete þat caste here adowne, & more god sendeth.
And þus þat lady lyche þat ellenen þere,
90 And mony a fayre arysoun into þat fader made

Cheuelere Assigne.

- That saued Susanne fro sorowefull dom, us to saue als.
Now leue we þis lady in langor & pyne,
And turne ageyne to our tale, towarde þese chyliden,
And to þe man Markus þi murther hem sholde ;
How he wente thoro a foreste towre longe myle,
Thyll he come to a wat^r þer he hem shulde in drowne ;
And þer he kiste by þe cloth to knowe hem bett^r,
And þer ley & lowe on hym lovelye all at ones ;
He þi leueth wth, q^d, he leyue me wyth sorowe,
100 If I drowne you to day thowgh my deth be nyie.
Thenne he leyde hem adowne lappede in þe mantele
And lappede hem, & hplyde hem, & hadde moche rewtithe
That stypthe a darmeteme as þi shulde so betyde.
Thenne he taketh hem to criste, & ageyne turneth :
But sone þi mantell was vnde wth mengyng of her legges,
They crydde by on hye wth a dolefull steuene,
They chynered for colde as chebernyge chyliden,
They yoskened, & cryde out, & þi a man herde,
An holy hermyte was by & towarde hem cometh :
110 Whenne he come by fore hem on knees þene he tell,
And cryde ofte vpon cryste for some sok^r hym to sende,
If any lyte were hem lente in þis worlde leng^r.
Thenne an hynde come fro þe woode rennyge full stypthe
And tell before hem a drowne : þer drowe to þe pappes ;

Cheuelere Assigne.

The heremyte prowde was therof & putte hem to sowke.
Sethen taketh he hem up & p^r hynde coloweth,
And she kepte hem p^re whyll our lorde wolde.
Thus he norpscheth hem by, & criste hem helpe sendeth :
Of sadde leues of p^r wode wrowte he hem wedes.

- 120 **M**alkedras p^r fostere, ye fende mote hym haue !
That cursedde man for his tephth, he come p^re p^re were
And was ware in his spyle spker of p^r chyl dren ;
He turnede ayejn to p^r courte, and tolde of p^r chaunce,
And mobebe byfore matabryne how mony there were,
And more merbeple p^re p^r dame, a selbere cheyne
Eche on of hem hath abowte here shoyre.
She seyde holde p^r wordes in chaste p^r none skape ferther :
I wyll soone aske hym p^r hath me betrayed.
Thenne she sente att^r Markus p^r murther hem sholde,
130 **A**nd askede hym in good tephth what tell of p^r chyl dren ;
Whenne she hym asked hadde, he seyde, here ye sothe
Dame, on a ryueres banke lapped in my mantell
I lette hem lpyng there, lene p^r for sothe,
I myte not drowne hem for dole, do what ye lykys.
Thenne she made here all preste & out bothe hys pen :
Moche mone was therfore, but no man wyte moste ;
Wende p^r aene Malkedras, & gete me p^r cheynes,
And with p^r dynte of p^r swerde do hem to deth,

Cheuelere Assigne.

- And I shall do ye stopch a turne & y^e y^e tye hye,
140 That ye shall lyke ryte wele y^e terme of y^e lyue.
Thenne y^e hatefull thete hyed hym full faste,
The cursede man in his teryth come y^e y^e were.
By yene was y^e hermyte go in to y^e wode, & on of y^e children
For to seke mete for y^e other sex,
Whyles y^e cursed man asseyde y^e other:
And he out with his swerde & smote of y^e cheynes,
They stoden all styll, for sterc y^e ne durste;
And whenne y^e cheynes tell hem fro y^e flownen up swanes
To y^e ryuere bysyde with a rewlful stevene.
150 And he taketh up y^e cheynes & to y^e courte tyneth,
And come byfore y^e qweue & here hem bytaketh:
Thenne she toke hem in honde & heelde ham full styll,
She sente aft^r a golde symple to forge here a colope:
And whenne y^e man was comen yene was y^e qweue blythe,
And delgured hym his weytes, & he from courte wendes;
She hade y^e wessell were made upon all wyse.
The golde symple gooth & beetheth hym a fyre, & breketh a cheyne,
And it weyeth in hys honde & multiplyeth swyde;
He toke the other fyre & fro y^e fyer hem leyde,
160 And made hollye y^e cuppe of halvendell y^e strye.
And whenne it drowye to y^e nyte he wendeth to bedde,
And thus he seyth to his wyfe in sawe as I telle,

Cheuelere Assigne.

- The olde qwene at y^e court hath me bytaken
Six cheynes in honde, & wolde haue a colpe,
And I breke me a cheyne & halfe leyde in y^e tye,
And it weredde in my honde, & wellede so faste,
That I toke y^e other tye, & fro the tye caste,
And haue made hollye y^e cuppe of halvendell y^e sixte.
I rede the, quod his wyfe, to holden hem styll
- 170 Hit is yowre y^e werke of god or y^e be wronge w^onerd:
For whenne her mesure is made what may she aske more?
And he dedde as she hadde, & buskede hym at morowe,
He come byfore y^e qwene & bytaketh here y^e colpe,
And she toke it in honde & kepte hit full clene.
Howe leste thet ony ober unwerketh, by y^e better trowthe?
And he recketh her ferty halvendele a cheyne;
And she rawyte hit hym aye, & seyde she ne rawyte,
But delpyred hym his serbyse & he out of court wendes.
The curteynesse of criste, q^d she, he w^o p^{er}se other cheynes!
- 180 They be delpyered out of y^e worlde; were y^e moder eke
Thenne hadde I yis londe hollye to myne wyll;
Now all wyles shall fayle but I here deth werke.
At morn she come byfore the kyng & bygane full keene:
Aroche of y^e worlde wone, wondreth on y^e allone,
That thy qwene is unbrente so merbelows longe,
That hath dysserued y^e deth, if y^e here dome wyste;

Cheuelere Assigne.

- Lette somow p^r folke upon eche a syde,
 That pep bene at p^r syte p^r xi day assigne.
 And he here granted p^r with a gr^ume herte,
 190 And she wendeth here a doune, & lette hem a nous wane.
 The nyte byfore p^r day p^r p^r lady shulde dreine,
 An angell come to p^r hermyte, & askede if he slepte?
 The angell seyde, criste sendeth p^r worde of pise six chylren,
 And for p^r savyng of hem thanke p^r haste serbeth:
 They wer p^r kynges Orpens, wyte p^r for sothe,
 By his wyte Betryce; She bere hem at ones,
 For a worde on p^r wall p^r she wronge seyde:
 And ponder in p^r ryuer shypmen they swanes,
 Synthen Malkebras, p^r forsworn thete, byratte hem her cheynes,
 200 And criste hath formeth p^r chylde to fyte for his moder.
 To lybynge God, p^r dwellest in heuene, q^d p^r hermyte pane,
 How shalbe he serbe for such a yuge p^r never none syte?
 Go drynge hym to his fader courte, & loke p^r he be cristened,
 And kalle hym Synas to name, for alyte p^r may be falle,
 Wyte by p^r mydday to redresse his moder,
 For goddes wyll moste be fulfylde, & p^r most forth wende.
 The hermyte wakynge lay, & thowte on his wordes:
 Soon whenne p^r day come to p^r chylde he seyde,
 Christe hath formeth p^r sone to fyte for p^r moder.
 210 He askede hym thane what was a moder?

C. i.

Cheuelere Assigne.

A wōman y^e bare y^e to man sone, & of her reredde,
Ze kanste y^e fader enforme me þou y^e I shall fyte ?
Upon a hors, seyd y^e heremyte, as I haue herde saye.
What beste is y^e, quod y^e chylde, lponys wylde,
Or elles wode, or water ? quod y^e chylde paffe ;
I septe neuer none, q^d y^e hermyte, but by y^e mater of bokes,
They seyn he hath a feyre hedde, & fowre lymes hye,
And also he is a frely beeste for thy þe man serueth.
So we forth fader, q^d y^e childe, upon gods halfe !

- 220 The grypte eþther a staffe in here honde, & on here wep straughte;
Whenne y^e heremyte hym latte, an angell hym seemethe,
Ever to ride y^e chylde upon his ryte sholder ;
Thenne he seeth in a felde folke gaderynge faste,
And a hyt tyre was y^e bette, y^e y^e qwene sholde in bren,
And noyse was in y^e cpte felly lowde,
With trumpes, & tabors, whenne y^e here up token
The olde qwene at her bakke betynge full faste,
The kyng come rydynge a fore a forleng & more.
The chylde stryketh hym to, & toke hym by y^e brydell:
230 What man arte y^e, q^d y^e chylde, & who is y^e y^e sueth ?
I am y^e kyng of y^e londe, & Orpens am kalled,
And y^e ound^r is my qwene,—Betryce she hette,
In y^e ounders halowe tyre is buskedde to bresie ;
She was slawndered on hye y^e she hadde taken howndes,

Cheuelere Assigne.

- And yf she shadde so don here harm were not to charge.
Thenne were y^e noȝt ryȝte sworne, q^d y^e chylde, upon ryȝte iuge
Whenne you tokest y^e y^e crowne, kynges when y^e made were
To done after matabryne, for þeñe y^e shalt mystare,
For she is toȝle, tell, & fals, & so she shall be toȝnden,
240 And by lette wth y^e fend at here last ende,
That styked styfte in here brestes, y^e wolde y^e q^wene dreñe;
I am but lȝtull & ȝonge, q^d y^e chylde, leue y^e forsothe,
Pot but twelȝe ȝere olde euen at y^e tyme,
And I woll putte my body to better, & to worse,
To fyte for y^e q^wene, wth whome y^e wronge seȝth.
Thenne granted y^e kynges, & ȝoye he byȝynesth,
If any helpe were y^e inne y^e here clenȝen myȝte.
By y^e come y^e old q^wene, & hadde hym com y^ene,
To speke wth ſuche on as he y^e mayste ryȝthe loth thenke.
250 A dame! q^d y^e kynges, thoȝte y^e none ſp^rue,
Thow haſte forſette y^e ȝonge q^wene, y^e knoweſte well y^e ſothe,
Thiſ chylde y^e I here ſpeke with, ſeȝth y^e he wole preue
That y^e noȝther y^e ſawes certeyne be neȝther.
And y^eñe she lepte to hym, & kaweȝte hym by y^e lokke,
That y^eñe lebed in here hounde heres an hondredde:
A by lȝbynges god, q^d y^e childe, y^e bydeſte in hevene,
Thy hedde ſhall lȝe on y^e lappe for y^e false turnes;
I aſke a felawe anone, a freſh kuyte after

Cheuelere Assigne.

For to fynte wth me to dryne oute y^e fynte.

260 A boy! q^d she, wylt y^e so? y^e shalt sone myskarrye,

I wyl geete me a man y^e shall ye sone marpe—

She turneth her pence to Malkebras, & byddeth hym take armes,

And badde hym bathe his spere in y^e boyes herte;

And he of suche one gret skorne he thowgte.

An holy abbot was y^ey, & he hym theder doweth,

For to cristen y^e chyldre, frely & feyre:

The abbot maketh hym a foute, & was his godfader,

The erle of Menthens he was another:

The couthe of Salamere was his godmoder;

270 They callede hym Wynas to name, as y^e booke telleth,

Among was y^e ryche wyte y^e y^e late hym after;

Alle the bellys of y^e close rhyngen at ones,

Withoute ony manes helpe, whyle y^e fynte lasted,

Wherfore ye wyte welt y^e criste was plesed wth here dede.

Whenne he was cristened frely & feyre

At y^e kyng dubbed hym knyght as his knyght wolde;

Thenne prestly he prayeth y^e kyng y^e he hym leue wolde

An hors, wth his harness; & blythely he hym graunteth.

Thenne was Ferrouce sette forth, y^e kynges price stede,

280 And out of an hye toure arm^d y^e halent,

And a whyte shelde, wth a crosse, upon y^e poste hinged,

And hit was wryten thereupon, y^e to Wynas hit shelde.

Cheuelere Assigne.

And whenne he was armed to all his rpyhtes,
Thenne prayde he p^r kyng p^r he hym lene wolde
Oon of his beste mēne, p^r he moste truste,
To speke wth hym but a speche whyle.
A knyght kawte hym by p^r honde, & ladde hym of p^r rowte.
What beeste is p^r, q^d p^r chylde, p^r I shall on hone ?
Hit is called an hors, q^d p^r knyght, a good & an adull.
290 Why eteth he pren, q^d p^r chylde, wyl he ete noth elles ?
And what is p^r on his bakke, of byrthe, or on bounden ?
Say p^r in his mowth men kallen a drydell,
And that a sadell on his bakke, p^r pⁿ shalt in sytte.
And what heup kyrtell is p^r with holes so thynke,
And this holowe on my hede, I may not here ?
An helme men kallen p^r on, & an hawberke p^r other.
But what brood on is p^r on my breste? hit bereth adown my nekke;
A dryte shelde, & a sheene, to shylde ye fro strokes.
And what longe on is p^r that I shall up lyfte ?
300 Take p^r launce up in thyn honde, & loke pⁿ hym hytte,
And whenne p^r shatte is schpuered, take sharpelpe another,
Se what p^r grace be we to grownde wenden,
A ryse up lytth on p^r fete, & reste ye no lenger,
And yene plukke out pⁿ swerde, & pele on hym faste,
All wey eggelnyges down on all p^r pⁿ fyndes;
His ryche helm, nor his swerde, rekke pⁿ of neyther :

B. i.

Cheuelere Assigne.

- Lette þ^e sharpe of þ^e swerde schreden hym small.
But woll not he smyte aȝyne whenne he feleth smerte?
Yps, I knowe hym full wele, both kenely, & faste :
310 Eber folowe þ^e on þ^e flesh, tyll þ^e haste hym falleth,
And sythen smyte of his heede, I kan sey no furre.
Now þ^e haste talwite me, q^d þ^e childe, god I þe be teche,
For now I kan of þ^e craft more þene I knowthe.
Thenne þ^e maden raunges, & ronnen togeder,
That þ^e speres in here hondes shybereden to peces :
And for rennene aȝyn, men talwiten hem other,
Of halowe tymbere, & bygge þ^e wolde not breste.
And eþther of hem so smerlye smote other,
That all flepe in þ^e felde þ^e on hem was fastened,
320 And eþther of hem topseple tumbledde to þ^e erthe ;
Thenne here horses reñen forth aȝi þ^e raunges,
Eber Feraunce byforn, & þ^e other aȝi :
Feraunce launces up his fete, & lasscheth out his perð,
The fyrste happe other fele was q^d þ^e chylde hadde ;
Whenne þ^e chylde þ^e hym bare blente hadde his fere,
Thenne eþther styrte up on hy wth staloworth shankes,
Pulledde out here swerdes, & smoten togeder ;
Kepe þ^e swerde fro my crosse, q^d cheuelere assygne,
I charde not þ^e crosse, q^d malkedras, þ^e balewe of a cherpe,
330 For I shall choppe it full small ere þene þ^e werke ende.

Cheuelere Assigne.

- An edder spronge out of his shelde, & in his body spynneth
A fyre fruscheth out of his crops, & rapte out his pen
Whenne he stryketh a stroke ; chevalere assigne
Even his sholder in twoo, & down into y^e herte,
And he boweth hym down & yeldeth up y^e lyfe.
I shall y^e yelde, q^d y^e chylde, ryte as y^e knyght me talde.
He trusseth his harnes fro y^e nekke, & y^e hede wyndeth ;
Synthen he toke hit by y^e lokkes, & in y^e helm leyde :
Thoo thanked he our lorde lowely, y^e lente hym y^e grace.
- 340 Thenne sawe y^e qweene Alatabryne her man so murdered,
Turned her brydell, & towards y^e towne rydeth ;
The chylde foloweth here after, tersly & faste,
Synthen browyte here aeyne wo for to drye,
And brente here in y^e balowe fyr all to browne ashes.
The yonge qweene at y^e fyre by y^e was unbounden,
The childe come byfore y^e kyng, & on hye he seyde,
And tolde hym how he was his sone, & other sex children
By y^e qweene Betryce, she bare hem at ones,
For a werde on y^e walle y^e she wronge seyde ;
- 350 And yonder in a ryuer swymen y^e swanes,
Synthen y^e forsworne thefe Malkedras byraffe hem her cheynes.
By God ! q^d y^e goldsmythe, I know y^e ryth well ;
Fyve cheynes I have & y^e ben fysh hole.
Nowe with y^e goldsmyth gon all yese knyghtes,

Cheuelere Assigne.

Toke y^e y^e cheynes, & to y^e water turnen,
And stroken up y^e cheynes ; y^er sterten up y^e swannes,
Eche on chese to his, & turneden to her kynde :
But on was always a swanne for losse of his cheyne.
Hit was doole for to see y^e sorowe yⁱ he made,
360 He hote hym self wth his byll, yⁱ all his breste bledde,
And all his feyre federes somede upon blode,
And all for merknes y^e water ; y^er y^e swanne swymeth :
There was ryche, ne pore, yⁱ myte for rewthe,
Longer loke on hym, but to y^e courte wenden.
Thenne they formed a fonte, & cristene y^e children,
And called Arpens yⁱ on, & Orpens another,
Assakarpe y^e thrydde, & Gadytere y^e fourthe,
The fyfte hette Rose for she was a mayden,
The sixte was fulwedde cheuelere assygne,
370 And y^{us} y^e botenynge of God browyte hem to honde.

Explicit.

GLOSSARY.

Afye,	trust.	Mened,	bemoaned.
Barmetene,	brood.	Mengynge,	mixing.
Beetheth,	prepares.	Paye,	pleased.
Blente,	started aside.	Pyned,	pained.
Busked,	made ready.	Rede,	advise.
Botennynge,	help.	Rewede,	pitied.
Charde,	care for.	Sithen,	since, afterwards.
Chevene,	govern.	Suwethe,	followeth.
Fulwedde,	baptised.	Smerlye,	smartly.
Halene,	hawl up.	Sonde,	gift.
Halvendell,	half.	Stiven,	noise.
Heete,	promise or assure.	Swyre,	Sax. neck.
Hente,	received.	Sykede,	sighed.
Hette,	named.	Swyth,	quickly.
Hone,	Sax. to hang.	Tytlye,	quickly.
Hylyde,	hid.	Wedde,	pledge.
Kowthe,	knew.	Weldynge,	governing.
Lene,	lend, grant.	Welled,	worked.
Lengeth,	remains.	Wente,	thought.
l. 214. "Lyons wylde, or elles wode or water?" this means, "Is it game?" alluding to the art of venery, or hunt- ing sometimes called the "mestere of wode and of ryvere." Geste of Kyng Horn. l. 235.		Wereth,	defends, protects.
Lowze,	laughed.	Werne,	prevent.
		Worthes,	words.
		Wrake,	vengeance.
		Wyshte,	knew.
		Zoskened,	hiccuped.



